

Daily Eagle
A SUMMER STUDY.

Mrs. Glentworth's country house was familiarly called "the castle" from its miniature towers, turrets, and battlements—the "castle of Indulgence." Dolores Martinez, her lovely granddaughter, playfully designated it when she pleaded guilty to an undue amount of napping in the hammock. And the castle was never so delightful to Mrs. Glentworth as when filled with young people, especially when she had a nephew, a niece, or two whom she trusted would become such. Mistress of a large fortune, a childless widow, with only Dolores, who was orphaned and left to her guardianship, to care for the little passion of matchmaking was her ruling passion. She thought herself without a rival in it, and was fond of pointing out the couples who except for her would not have been so happy; and all the time, who had made most of it, smiling grimly at the good lady's self-conceit.

Just now she was in mind to make Harry Glentworth, her deceased husband's favorite nephew, with Dolores. A perfect contrast, therefore a good match, she thought. He, tall, fair, and broad-shouldered; she, dainty and dark, betraying her half Spanish parentage in her creamy skin and soft black eyes. They all slept a great deal at the castle those hot summer days, and Harry, who arrived unexpectedly, walked out from the city, wondering if he had reached the land where it was always afternoon, for there was such a dead silence. It was like a realm of enchantment. And was that the princess he thought, as he approached the house. For Dolores was fast asleep in the hammock under the veranda. Lifting his hat to the sleeping beauty he entered the house unceremoniously. Going to the drawing room, where he expected to find his aunt, he found instead a room darkened and unoccupied, and full of the perfume of sweet flowers. Passing to the library, and finding that unattended, he returned to the veranda and tiptoed by the sleeper. And the earnestness of his look made her conscious of it. She gave a little start and opened her eyes, but he vanished, and she, only partially awakened, fell asleep again.

But sleep has its duration, and Dolores awakened and looked about her surprisedly and expectantly, then flushed faintly as she recalled her expected dream of a fair Spanish face and tender lips, and went to call Mrs. Glentworth, leading over her and awakening her with a kiss, saying:

"Dear grandmother, your beauty sleep is too long; you will grow plain again. Then there is that ball at the Murray's tonight, and my costume not quite decided upon."

Deadly was at the ball that night to plot and counterplot, to win the prize of a young pup, pairing and impeding. And, seeing Dolores standing by Mrs. Glentworth's side, dressed like a French marquise of olden times, with her powdered hair in delightful contrast to her dark eyes—her skirt of cream-colored silk bordered with crimson, looped over a quilted petticoat with crimson roses, sparkling jewels rising and falling with every heart-throb—she thought her a fitting toy, and, looking about, spied Harry entering the room, and brought him to complete the play.

His aunt greeted him with the utmost surprise.

"Why, Harry, I thought you on your way from Germany. And is not this most unkind to come here before coming home?"

Dolores wondered where she had seen that fair face and those tender eyes before; in her dreams, surely, and her cheeks flushed, and she was hurried away to Harry's arms to the delicious music of a Strauss waltz, leaving Dolores keeping perfect time with her indelicate and incoherent feet.

Harry thought to teach Dolores German that summer, but her soft Spanish speech tripped over the guttural, and so he contented himself with strutting his long legs at her feet and telling her of German customs and scenery instead. They most often strolled to Point Lookout, where there was a fine lawn view, and where they passed their time with books and conversation. One day they lay in the hammock, Dolores for a long time—she was so tired—she was so content when Harry exclaimed abruptly:

"Dolores, is there a spell of witchcraft cast over these grounds? Listen! What do you hear?"

"Just the splashing of the water at the foot of the cliff and the cry of the condor, and the chirping of the cricket, which said—"

"Why?"

"Because it is a premonition of decay; because it is a reminder that these roses, now in the perfection of bloom, will soon drop their petals; that these oaks will soon be purple and rust; and then there are, and there will be, who know what they mean! Dolores with a shudder. But Harry hastily knelt at her side, looking into her soft, dark eyes with passionate fervor.

"Dolores," said he reprovingly, "and then? Surely, you forget that you are to have the sun and life and love, and that you are to be man and wife before the candles are here, and I will so protect and cherish you, you will believe your pathway strewn with roses."

Dolores was silent for a moment; then, looking shyly into the face she loved so well, said gravely:

"You mean those words now; but are you quite sure that you love me so steadfastly that nothing can change you?"

"I think so. But why are you in such a doubting mood? It is something in the atmosphere, I do believe, something that causes you to doubt, and we are to be man and wife. I cannot feel as if I could not resist any sort of temptation if exposed to it. As you say, this is a veritable castle of indulgence, and you are the wisest witch!"

"I shall go to the hammock."

"Why, no! What if you are sure you love me, and you are not at all certain, but think so?"

"I ask you if you are sure you love me, and you are not at all certain, but think so?"

In the library the next morning Harry was watching Dolores busy with some dainty handicraft, and begged her to lay it by saying:

"Come, Dolores, put aside that make-believe work, fold your hands on your head and pray for the church, look dreamy and appreciative while I read to you 'The Love Lyrics of the East.' But Mrs. Glentworth interrupted the reading, saying: 'See here, children,' as she came into the room with an open letter in her hand, 'here is a letter from Vivien Searles, announcing that she will be here the 20th, and that is today.'"

"Ah!" said Harry, indignantly, "and so I am to meet my step-sister again. I wonder if she is as charming as ever, and as heartless."

Mrs. Glentworth, who was already arranging in her mind what she should ask to meet her, abruptly replied: 'The she is a great belle and had the reputation of being heartless. 'But,' she continued, 'I hope you will not quarrel with her as you used.'"

"Is she dark or fair?" questioned Dolores of Harry.

"Fair, I believe; really I do not remember her distinctly."

"Yet you asked if she were charming as ever."

"A woman may be charming in a man's eyes without his being able to tell whether she is blonde or brunette."

"I do not believe it," said Dolores positively.

"Which am I?"

"You! Oh, you are the dearest little woman in the world."

"A pretty speech that, cousin Harry," said a soft voice, and Miss Searles stood before them with a peculiar expression of half sweetness, half smugness upon her face.

"Tray excuse my interruption," she continued after the greetings had passed and she had been presented to Dolores. "I rang and rapped, and the carriage that brought me

made noise enough to bring the house down on the porch. Are you alone, sister? she questioned, with a smile that had a touch of irony.

Mrs. Glentworth's entrance put an end to further conversation. Miss Searles was shown to her room and they did not meet until dinner. She was a vision of loveliness as she glided in with wondrous grace; her hair was brushed back in loose waves from her low brow, and coiled in a golden mass at the back of her perfect head; she was slender and lithe, and clad in some soft blue stuff that seemed a part of her, and her violet eyes had a pathetically sweet expression.

"What a wondrous August that was! What dreamy, happy weather; what killing under oaks, where Harry read impassioned love poems, Dolores listening blushing with downcast eyes, and Vivien thoughtfully, with now and then a keen glance at the reader. There was much dust practising; Dolores would curl herself in the corner of a sofa, and listen delightedly to her lover and her friend as they rendered soft Italian or Spanish airs. Foolish, unsuspicious Dolores! She could not see the upward, languishing glance from those bewildering eyes, or note the white fingers accidentally touch her lover's hands."

Harry was an early riser, and was wont to take a stroll along the cliffs before breakfast. Vivien noted it, and often met him with her hands full of flowers and a look of astonishment in her face. Then following a half hour's conversation, often touching upon dangerous topics, she would return to her room.

"How blessed I am!" said he. "I have the dearest sweetheart in the world, and the loveliest woman for a friend."

She looked at him with her beautiful eyes dim with tears, and replied softly: "But you cannot think of what it costs me to be your friend." Then she laid her hand on his arm deprecatingly, and with blushes said:

"Forgive me; I spoke unguardedly."

After that Harry's manner seemed changed; there was a restlessness and thoughtfulness foreign to him. Perhaps, if he could have shaken off the enchantment, and full of the perfume of sweet flowers, he might have broken the charm being cast over him. And it seemed as if Dolores were stricken blind, for in the innocence of her heart and her unbounded trust she saw and thought of nothing but devotion to herself on the part of her lover and fidelity on the part of her friend.

"Oh, you two may go and practice your new duet. I must stay with dear grandmother, who has a headache," said Dolores one evening. The two went willingly enough, but after singing a few songs, Vivien said to Harry: "I have a favor to ask of you; cannot we have a row before Dolores comes down?" And they stepped from the low window to the lawn, and went down the cliff path to the boat house. They rowed far up the bay, then drifted slowly back, talking and laughing, and in a rich tone. The perfume of lily roses came from the shore, and there was Vivien, with her beguiling eyes, talking in a sweet, low voice:

"You ask me why I cannot be your friend, and it is a cruel question. Do you ask to torture me? It is for this reason:

"We are friends."

"And here the music ends."

And she covered her face with her hands as if with shame at her avowal. Harry, saying forward and gently took them away, saying: "But the music need not end there, Vivien!" and with tender pleading he bent forward, clasping her to his heart for a moment, raising her to his feet. Then he resumed the boat close to the shore, among the lily pads.

Dolores left Mrs. Glentworth fast asleep, and failed to find her friend and lover in the house, went to meet them. Perhaps they had gone for water lilies, so she went through the garden, picking flowers as she passed and singing snatches of a Spanish serenade. The moonlight fell caressingly on her sweet, upturned face, the night breezes softly waved her hair, and she went down the cliff path, leaving behind her the scent of flowers and fragments of song.

And there were the lilies folded and gleaming white on their emerald cushions! She took a branch from a little tree to reach them with, and clapped on a partially submerged log. She had secured a handful and was reaching for more when the boat that was slowly drifting down the bay passed by the lily-blooming inlet; the moon shone full in the faces of the occupants, and Dolores saw the least-clasp and the kisses. It dawned her for a moment; that heart-clasp had in it an electric power, and she felt a sudden desire to retreat her footings, but, weak and bewildered, she slipped and the lily-pads received and held her. Some fishermen, returning late, saw her fall, hastened to the rescue, and carried her up the same path by which she came. The moon yet shone down caressingly, but on a still white face and lips which all eyes had departed.

The drawing room was filled with hurrying figures, pale and scared faces, and cries of humanity; all attempts to resuscitate the inanimate form had been in vain. The lustily summoned physicians were standing over her when Harry and Vivien came by; and on the delicate carpet there were pools of water that had dripped from her clothing and hair. Vivien uttered a cry of horror; Harry reeled and would have fallen, but caught at a chair for support. Recovering his self-possession, he questioned the physician.

"As near as I can tell you, sir, 'twas this way: 'Meant my partner, a comical' 'ome late, 'appeared along just as this here innocent was a radiant fair flower. We were together side of the lily-pads' 'saw a white light on the lily-pads, just as she was a radiant, a little boat with two in it came by, and she was a lookin' at that, but her foot-oh! and fell. We run to get her. But she was dead, and then, poor lamb! Lord! ha! merry on 'er soul!' and the honest fisherman wiped his eyes."

"Is there no life, no hope?" Harry asked a physician.

"There is no life and no hope."

Harry bent his face in his hand and groined aloud; Vivien came to his side, clasped her arms around his arm, and looked at him beseechingly, but he shook her off as if she had been a viper and left the room.

The long night was spent in agonized self-torture, and when Mrs. Glentworth went to summon him in the morning, the gray of morning youth had changed to a sorrowful, remorse-stricken man.

Hours after, passing from the room where Dolores lay in a wondrous state, and where he had been pouring forth a passionate prayer for forgiveness over the still, pale form, he spied Vivien crouching in the hall. She approached him with a caressing gesture, but he motioned her away.

"And it is all over between us," she asked.

"Would to God there had been nothing between us. I have been faithless, and my punishment is greater than I can bear. Forget that you have ever known me, and then, poor lamb! Lord! ha! merry on 'er soul!' and the honest fisherman wiped his eyes."

There was a peaceful look where the dead and gone Glentworths were buried, and Dolores was laid beside them. Destiny stood grim and firm by the coffin in bidding with mock grief, and having played out the play, went to arrange other scenes and actors—Vivien Haral.

Joe Howard in a Riot.

We have had one great riot in our time. Heaven spare us another! The riot of 1863 was born of an idea that the government was making unfair discriminations between the rich and the poor; between those who had to go to the front for food for powder, and those who could afford to purchase substitutes.

Do you remember it?

I do.

I had my hat mashed over my eyes, my hair pulled out, my watch and money stolen, my imperial self knocked down, dragged out, pulled here, kicked there and left in the middle of the street for dead.

Funny, wasn't it? Perhaps it was, but I never saw a crowd of men running to a fire or a row that my blood doesn't jump from my heart to my head, plunge to my toes and back to my heart in a tumult of reminiscence that makes me stagger like a man in the Bible—to and fro like a drunken man.

I don't want any more of it—Joe Howard in New York World.

DEVILS OF CHINESE MYTHOLOGY. Their Return to Earth—Burning Sacrifices—Spirited Marriages.

According to heathen belief the devils of Chinese mythology begin their periodic visits to this world to-day. They remain here for seven days. They bring with them the relatives, in spirit form, of the living, and expect good treatment from the latter. The Chinese residents of Pittsburg have made all arrangements to give their spiritual guests a warm greeting. At their homes or in public places they will offer up burnt sacrifices, consisting of chickens, ducks, pork, fruits, sugar, nuts, eggs and so forth. The Chinese devils are usually accredited with being very smart, and good judges of what constitutes a good sacrifice, and if they discover that mortals are not offering up the first and best fruits of the land, they are apt to act as tormenting as only devils can.

The devils come upon the earth from the first to the seventh days of every seventh Chinese month. They are supposed to wear the same kind of clothing as is worn by living Chinese, and they depend upon their periodic visits to earth to get supplied with the proper outfit. Consequently this week, besides the sacrifices of the articles above mentioned, there will be a general offering up of a certain kind of money which is supposed to pass as legal tender in the spiritual world. This takes the form of paper richly decorated with gold leaf and Chinese inscriptions, and is about five inches long and wide. The clothing and money is richly decorated with many colors. These sacrifices are usually burned at night on the seven days of the devil's visit.

The Chinese have other serious beliefs about the spiritual world. They think that as soon as a person dies he goes at once to the next world. There the immortal have wives, politics, marriages, etc., as well as mortals do on this earth. When man and wife die they expect to be united again hereafter, but when unmarried persons die their spirits wander about on earth until their parents have found a suitable companion for them in the upper world. If this is not done, the dead person's evil spirit enters into the heart of the mortal whom he loves, and torments it to death. The spiritual marriage among the Chinese is usually conducted by women. If a boy is dead, his mother looks around to find a girl of about the same age who can be his spiritual mate. Only the fortune teller has the right to appoint the day for the marriage. A priest performs the ceremony. Many prayers are repeated from morning until night, until the hour has come. Then the priest calls the couple, who are represented on paper, by the names which they were known by before death, says many pleasant words, and pronounces them man and wife.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Thomas H. Benton's Last Days.

Having completed his "Thirty Years in the Senate," the last chapters of which were written when he was physically very weak, in bed, and suffering acute pain, Col. Benton set for several old friends to his home in St. Louis, Mo., to read to him the manuscript. Among them was the poet, the dramatist, the dying man said, taking his hands: "Bachman was my friend. I supported you in preference to Fremont, because he headed a sectional party, whose success would have been the signal for disunion. I have known you long, and I know you are a faithful advocate to do right. I have that faith in you now, but you must look to a higher power to support and guide you. We will soon meet in another world; I am going now; you will soon follow. My peace with God is made, my earthly affairs arranged; but I could not go without saying you are thinking you for your interest in my child." Mr. Bachman was deeply affected and wept as he said "Farewell."

A week before Col. Benton's death he addressed a letter to his old Tennessee friends, Senator Houston and Representative Jones, requesting that congress would not notice his departure. "There is," he said, "no rule of either house that will authorize the announcement of my death, and if there were such a rule I should not wish it to be applied. In my case, as being contrary to my feelings and convictions, long entertained." Both houses adjourned, however, to attend Mr. Benton's funeral, at which there was a large attendance, including the president, heads of departments, foreign ministers, members of congress, and other distinguished persons. Only two of his daughters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jacob, with their husbands, were present; the other two, Mrs. Fremont was at that time on her way to California, and Mrs. Egle was in California. The remains of one of his grandchildren, who had died a short time before, were to be taken to St. Louis with him, and at the funeral they reposed side by side, friendly hands having strewn their common bier with flowers, some in memory of others, others just bidding him beauty.—Bon: Perley Moore in Boston Budget.

A MONKEY ACTS AS WATCHMAN.

An African Railroad's Ape Earns a Salary for His Cribbed Master.

Two years ago when I was in South Africa a New York firm of exporters I was informed that eight miles up the railroad, which runs from Cape Town north, there was a trained ape which acted as a watchman and drew a regular salary for his master.

Of course I believed the story to be a canard, but felt that it was worth while investigating. I stopped at a little station on the railroad in Cape Colony and was directed to a small switch house, 200 yards up the track from the place where the train had stopped. The switch tender was sitting out side the door in an armchair, and by his side stood, or rather crouched, an enormous African ape, which was fully five feet high when erect.

As the switch tender arose to answer my inquiry I noticed that he was armless. I asked him whether it was true that his ape performed the duties of switchman and was told to watch for five minutes and see for myself. A few minutes later the rumbling noise of an approaching train was heard. As the noise increased the ape jumped from his crouching position and accompanied the switchman to the place where the white arm of the switch stood thrown to the left.

At a signal from the switchman the ape jumped forward, seized the key, unlocked the padlock which held the switch in position, and grasping the lever with his muscular arm threw it to the right. The train dashed over the switch to the side track of the station, and in a second the switch was thrown back into position, and the ape again took his seat by his master to wait for further orders.

It was certainly a wonderful performance, and I would not believe it unless I had seen it. The man informed me that he had lost his arms in a railroad accident while employed by the company as a switch tender. During the five years previous to the accident he had trained the ape more as a matter of recreation and to employ his leisure time while stationed at that lonely outpost of the Capetown railway.

The work of amusement turned him in good stead when he was able to satisfy the curiosity of the natives, who would only respect its interests as when he was in possession of those limbs. For more than two years the ape had performed the duties of switchman, and had never made a mistake. More than this, the ape was trained to feed his master, as well as to dress and undress him, when necessary.—Chicago News.

The celebrated Dr. Tanner, who made quite a stir several years ago by a prolonged fast of forty days, is now a member of the community of Faithists at Shalam, N. M. In a recent letter he lays down the broad proposition that nine-tenths of all the crime and disease in this world is due to the human stomach. Keep the stomach healthy, he declares, and you are free from the flesh of the swine, and there is hope that man may live up to his highest aspirations. This is the doctrine which the Faithists are trying to enforce practically in their colony, but the reform thus far has not been encouraging.—Chicago Times.

WM. HALL, M. D. J. E. BENNETT, M. D.

Drs. HALL & BENNETT

TREAT AND CURE ALL OF THE FOLLOWING

ACUTE and CHRONIC DISEASES OF BOTH SEXES.

Women are successfully treated for all diseases of their sex, such as Inflammation, Ulceration, Misplacement or Prolapsus of the Womb, and all Uterine diseases, Polypus and Fibroid Tumors, causing too frequent and painful menstruation. They treat all diseases mentioned below, and all other Uterine troubles.

Leucorrhoea or Whites
Is a whitish discharge from the vagina—the discharge is sometimes brown or green—lasting the whole time in some cases, and part of the time in others. This debilitating loss will produce a host of symptoms—pains and weight in back and loins, acid stomach, colic, poor appetite, hollowness of eyes, chilliness, palpitation of the heart, mental depression.

Private, Chronic and Sexual.
Diseases, such as spermatorrhoea, impotence, and all the unpleasant results of such troubles.

Syphilis.
Positively cured and entirely eradicated, from the system.

Gonorrhoea.
Cured in from three to eight days or no pay.

Gleet and Stricture.
Cured in patients of years standing.

Dysmenorrhoea.
Painful or difficult menstruation can be cured and save other complications.

Prolapsus Uteri, Falling of Womb.
Often met with in women; a distressing complaint; requires a cure.

Inflammation of the Vagina.
Increased heat and soreness, dry, swollen, painful itching at times. If not cured in time, discharges set in, almost like venereal gonorrhoea, and then no doubt cohabitation will confer it.

Impotence and Sterility in Women.
We have treated many cases with success. We also successfully treat all kidney and bladder trouble of male or female, such as Paralysis Neuralgia. Foreign bodies in the bladder and urethra causing too frequent and painful urinating, and all forms of

Consultation Free.
Special Notice.
Epilepsy or falling fits, we can guarantee a cure in a reasonable length of time. We also guarantee a cure of the opium or morphine habit in three weeks and on the most fair and safe terms. You are to pay us nothing until you know you are cured. We feel will be paid when you are cured. We do not claim to restore you fully to health, flesh and strength in a few days, but we do claim that after a few days treatment our patients are comfortable without morphine or an opiate of any kind nor will they need any other drugs to take its place.

Do Not Forget The Place,
No. 143 North Main Street,
Over Woodman's Bank, opp. Aldrich and Brown's Drug Store.

Drs. HALL & BENNETT,
Lock Box 927. WICHITA, KANSAS

VIELE & SHEPARD,
Have moved their Loan and Insurance office to 311 East Douglas Avenue, rooms 1 and 3.

The Revolution Clothing Co.
STOCK OF
CLOTHING!
HATS AND CAPS, ETC.,
Has been removed to No. 122 North Main Street where the same will be placed on sale.

BARGAINS
For the next 60 days, as stock must be sold.

SANTA FE BAKERY
Established 1872.
Is the Place to get Everything Kept in a First-Class Bakery.
ECKARDT & SCOTT, Proprs.
144 MAIN STREET
WICHITA

Wm. Kassel's
Don't fail to call and look at the Mammoth Stock. Remember the place.
102 Douglas. Lawrence Drug Store
Geo. E. Campbell & Co.
Real Estate and Loan Agts.
Make Collections and pay claims for non-residents.
No. 20 N. Main St. Room 5. WICHITA, KAN.

Wichita, Kan.
W. H. STERNBERG,
Contractor and Builder
Office and Shop 349 Main St.

Great Bargains!!

150 LOTS FOR SALE IN

RANSON & KAY'S SECOND ADDITION.

One of the finest laying additions to the city of Wichita, lying one and one-half miles South of P. as avenue and comprising One Hundred and Ninety-two lots, east and west fronts, on Mosley avenue, which will be sold at prices so low that any man can have a home on very easy terms, and great inducements to parties who will build at once. We have the building boom and intend to keep it.

This addition is convenient to school, churches, stores, etc. Street cars run past the addition, making easy access to the business portion of the city.

Come at once and secure a choice building site

AT FIRST PRICE.

\$700 will buy 100x150 ft. in the first block, east front.
\$850 will buy 100x150 ft. in second block, east or west front.
\$900 will buy 100x150 ft. in third block, east or west front.
\$480 will buy 100x150 ft. in fourth block, east or west front.

We do not sell any corner unless the party agrees to build a good house on the lots, thereby obtaining the building boom.

Come everybody and have a home of your own.

RANSON & KAY,

Office with Farnum & George.
ROOM 1, 110 MAIN ST.

BUY LOTS IN
Butler & Fisher's Second Addition

These lots are close to the City Limits, and are lying between Central Ave and Second Street, east of town. These lots are for sale on cheap and easy terms. No college, Union depot or machine shops are to be built on them. For terms apply at

BUTLER & FISHERS HARDWARE STORE

110 DOUGLAS AVE.

WICHITA CRACKER COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CRACKERS AND PURE CANDIES.
418 and 420 EAST DOUGLAS AVENUE.

Wichita City Roller Mills and Elevator.

ESTABLISHED 1871. INCORPORATED FEB. 1876.

Manufacture the Following Celebrated Brands—

IMPERIAL, Roller Patent; WHITE ROSE, Extra Fancy; X. L. C. R., Fancy.

These brands have been on the market since 1871, and they have won an "unlimited reputation" wherever introduced. No day is so easy with them. We are always in the market without a moment's delay.

OLIVER, IMBODEN & CO.

FRANCIS TIERNAN & CO.,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS OF

Water and Gas Works

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO CITIES IN KANSAS.

OFFICE N. W. COR. 5TH AND MARKET STS., ST. LOUIS.
OFFICE N. W. COR. MAIN AND DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KAN.

Correspondence Solicited.

O. B. STOCKER,

DEALER IN—

C	P
Mantels,	E I Fire Clay,
N	T
T	C
E	E
Grates,	R S Fire Brick,

MARBLE DUST, WHITE SAND, LATH
Lime, Hair, New York and Michigan Plaster.

Louisville and Portland Cement.

YARD and OFFICE: On Water Street, between Douglas Avenue and First Street. Wichita, Kansas

American Drilling Co.

CONTRACTORS FOR

Gas, Oil, Prospect and Artesian Wells.

Wells drilled in any part of the world from 10 to 1000 feet deep. Everything furnished. Latest improved machinery and practical workmen employed. The same experience in the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania, California, Germany, etc. All work guaranteed.

S. S. MILLER.
Western Agent, 124 Main Street, Wichita, Kan.

Test well lands. They may be located with Natural Gas (Oil, Brine) or Oil. One is being prepared for test and found in many instances throughout the country and in the most economical manner. Long and short. The character of gas is only to be ascertained by drilling. Deep, cheap. Pump, strong. But is not manufacturing, and therefore gives stability and prosperity to a community.

W. S. JOHNSON, President. A. E. KIRK, Vice President. J. H. HALL, Secretary and Treasurer.

WICHITA

Wholesale Grocer Company

No. 233 and 235 North Main St. WICHITA, KAN.

JOHN A. COBBLE. W. G. RIDGELL.

COZINE & RIDDELL,

Real Estate Agents,

City Property and Farms for Sale—Rents Collected and Taxes Paid.
Correspondence Solicited. Business Promptly Attended to.

166 N. MAIN ST. WICHITA, KANSAS.